

# The Historie of

*As they are sharing, the Prince & Poynes  
set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-  
staffe after a blow or two runs away too, lea-  
ving the booty behind them.*

Prim. Your money.  
Poin. Villaines.

Prim. Got with much eale. Now merrily to horse, the thecues  
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare  
not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer, away  
good Ned, Falstaffe sweare to death, and lards the leane earth  
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him:

Poynes. How the rogue roard

Exeunt.

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.*

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be  
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the  
loue he beares our house: he shoues in this, he loues his own  
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to  
drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle dan-  
ger, we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named  
uncertaine, the time it selfe vnforted, and your whole plot too light, for  
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you again, you are a shal-  
low cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by  
the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friends  
true & constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiō  
an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited  
rogue is this? why my L. of Yorke comends the plot, & the ge-  
neral course of the action, Zounds & I were now by this rascal  
I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my fa-  
ther my vnckle, & my selfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord  
of Yorke, & Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas?  
haue I not all thei<sup>r</sup> letters to meet me in Armes by the ninth  
of the next month? and are they not some of the set forward  
already? What a pagan rascal is this & Infidell? Ha, you shall  
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the  
King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my  
selfe,

# Henry the

selfe, and go to buffets, for me  
with so honorable an action.  
we are prepared. I will set for  
How now Kats, I must leaue y

Lady. O my good Lord, w  
For what offence haue I this  
A banisht woman from my F  
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is t  
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and  
Why dost thou bend thine e  
And start so often when thou  
Why hast thou lost the fresh  
And giuen my treasures and  
To thick-eyd musing, and cu  
In my faint slumbers, I by th  
And heard thee murmur ta  
Speake tearmes of manage t  
Cry courage to the field: A  
Of sallies; and retires, trench  
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, pa  
Of basilisks, of canon, culue  
Of prisoners ranome, and o  
And all the current, of a hed  
Thy spirit within thee hath  
And thus hath so bestird the  
That beds of sweat hath stor  
Like bubbles in a late disturb  
And in thy face strange mot  
Such as we see when men re  
On some great sodaine haft  
Some heauy busines hath n  
And I must know it, else he

Hot. What ho, is Gilliam

Ser. He is, my Lord, an h

Hot. Hath Butler brough

Ser. One Horse, my Lor

Hot. What Horse? a roa

Ser. It is my Lord.